Further I say, and further will maintaine,
Vpon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plotte the Duke of Glosters death,
Suggest his soone beleeuing aduersaries,
And consequently like a Traitour Coward,
Sluc'te out his innocent soule through streames of blood.
Which blood, like sacrificing *Abels*, cries,
Euen from the tongueless Cauerns of the earth,
To me for iustice, and rough chastisement:
And by the glorious worth of my discent,
This arme shall do it, or this life be spent.

King. How high a pitch his resolution soares:
Thomas of Norfolke, what say'st thou to this?

Mow. Oh let my Soueraigne turne away his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I haue told this slaunder of his blood;
How God, and good men, hate so foule a lyer.

King. Mowbray, impartiall are our eyes and eares;
Were he my Brother; nay, my kingdomes Heire,
As he is but my fathers brothers Sonne,
Now by Scepters awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour neerenes to our sacred blood,
Should nothing priuiledge him, nor partialize
The vnstooping firmenesse of my vpright soule:
He is our subiect Mowbray, so art thou,
Free speech and fearelesse I to thee allow.

Mow. Then *Bullingbrooke*, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat thou liest:
Three parts of that receipt I had for Callice,
Disburst I to his highnesse Souldiers;
The other part reseru'd I, by consent,
For that my Soueraigne Liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deere account,
Since last I went to *France* to fetch his Queene:
Now swallow downe that lie. For Glocesters death:
I slew him not, but to mine owne disgrace
Neglected my sworne duty in that case:
For you my noble Lord of Lancaster,

The honourable Father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life;
A trespasse that doth vexe my grieued soule:
Ah, but ere I last receiu'd the Sacrament,
I did confesse it, and exactly begd
Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault; as for the rest appeald,
It issues from the rancour of a Villaine,
A recreant and most degenerate Traitour;
Which in my selfe I boldly will defend,
And enterchangeably hurle downe the gage,
Vpon this ouerweening Traitors foote,
To proue my selfe a loyall Gentleman,
Euen in the best blood chambred in your bosome:
In hast whereof, most hartily I pray
Your highnesse to assigne our triall day.

King. Wrath kindled Gentleman, be ruled by me,
Lets purge this choler without letting bloud,
This we prescribe, though no Phisition:
Deepe malice makes too deepe incision:
Forget, forgiue; conclude, and be agreed,
Our Doctors say, this is no month to bleed:
Good Vnckle, let this end where it begunne;
Weele calme the Duke of *Norfolke*, you your sonne.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace, shall become my age:
Throw downe (my sonne) the Duke of Norfolks gage.

King. And Norfolke, throw downe his.

Gaunt. When *Harrie*, when? obedience bids,
Obedience bids I should not bid againe.

King. Norfolke, throw downe we bid, there is no boot.

Mow. My selfe I throw (dread soueraigne) at thy fo
My life thou shalt commaund, but not my shame:
The one my dutie owes; but my faire name,
Despight of death that liues vpon my graue,
To darke Dishonors vse, thou shalt not haue:
I am disgrast, impeacht, and baffuld heere;
Pierst to the soule with slaunders venomd speare,
The which no balme can cure, but his heart blood

W